

The Order 10431

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“It’s...it’s Chen Ping!”

Yue Liuli exclaimed in shock, instinctively taking a step back.

Lin Wuchen gritted his teeth, a deep sense of dread flashing in his eyes.

Although they were all ninth-rank Immortals, considering themselves powerful, the sight before them—two thousand Divine Palace soldiers, two True Immortals, and a Ghost Clan Saint Venerable on the verge of resurrection—all annihilated, instantly made them realize they were no match for Chen Ping.

“Run!”

Lin Wuchen made a decisive move, turning and fleeing.

Yue Liuli followed without hesitation.

The two transformed into streaks of light, desperately fleeing into the distance.

But they had barely flown a hundred feet when a cold voice rang in their ears.

“Since you’re here, why the rush to leave?”

Before the words were finished, a golden figure instantly appeared before them.

Chen Ping stood with his hands behind his back, calmly looking at the two.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were deathly pale, trembling all over.

“Chen...Chen Ping, we have no grudge against each other, why must you be so ruthless?” Lin Wuchen said in a trembling voice.

Chen Ping looked at him, a slight, mocking smile playing on his lips.

“No enmity?”

He repeated softly, shaking his head.

“Your temple hunted me down, put a bounty on my head, and even resurrected powerful ghost warriors to wreak havoc on the world. Is that what you call no enmity?”

Lin Wuchen was speechless.

Yue Liuli gritted her teeth and suddenly knelt down: “Young Master Chen, I submit, I’m willing to be your woman, please spare my life!”

Chen Ping looked down at her, his eyes devoid of any emotion.

“Be my woman?”

He repeated softly, then shook his head.

“You are not worthy.”

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As he finished speaking, he raised his hand.

The Dragon-Slaying Sword flashed lightly.

Two golden sword energies shot out instantly.

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli didn't even have time to react before the sword energies pierced their foreheads.

The two corpses plummeted from mid-air, crashing into the ruins, lifeless.

Chen Ping sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword, not even glancing at them.

In the distance, Ming Li and Liu Qianqian finally dared to fly over, their eyes filled with awe as they looked at the scene before them.

"Mr. Chen, who are these two...?"

"Emissaries sent to the Thirteenth Heaven by the Divine Temple, Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli. We clashed in the Thirteenth Heaven."

Chen Ping said calmly, "Since they've delivered themselves to our doorstep today, let's kill them while we're at it."

Liu Qianqian's eyes widened upon hearing this, her awe of Chen Ping deepening even further.

Chen Ping turned around, his gaze sweeping over the ruins of the Holy Mountain.

The dust gradually settled, and the afterglow of the setting sun bathed the ruins.

He sheathed his Dragon-Slaying Sword and said calmly, "Let's go back."

Ming Li snapped out of his reverie and nodded hastily, asking cautiously, "Mr. Chen, shall we continue searching? The Temple's power is vast; there might be other sacred mountains."

Chen Ping slowly shook his head.

His gaze drifted into the distance, a thoughtful glint in his eyes. His tone was calm yet resolute: "We'll stop searching for now. The Temple has more than just these two sacred mountains; I expected that.

But after these two blows, the Temple has suffered heavy losses: three True Immortals were killed, two sacred mountains were destroyed, and thousands of disciples were killed."

"They no longer have the capacity to rebuild the Holy Mountain or resurrect the Ghost Clan powerhouses in the short term, nor do they dare to make any major moves."

He paused, then continued, "Moreover, we have more important matters to attend to. The matter of the Holy Land of Light cannot be delayed any longer; the souls within the Soul Crystals are still dormant.

If we delay any longer, their souls may completely dissipate, making it impossible to resurrect them. Therefore, we should return to Cloud Immortal City first, prepare, and set off for the Holy Land of Light as soon as possible."

Upon hearing this, Ming Li immediately nodded, his tone firm: "Alright! I'll do as Mr. Chen says!"

Liu Qianqian also nodded gently, her voice soft yet carrying a hint of determination: "Yes, I'll go with you." "

As the words fell, the three figures moved simultaneously.

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Chen Ping's body flashed with golden light, his golden robe fluttering in the wind.

His figure seemed to teleport, instantly transforming into a golden streak of light, speeding towards Yunxian City.

His speed was so fast that it almost broke the limitations of space, leaving only a faint golden afterimage.

Ming Li and Liu Qianqian followed closely behind.

Ming Li was surrounded by ghostly energy, transforming into a black streak of light.

Liu Qianqian used her lightness technique, her figure as light as a swallow, transforming into a blue streak of light.

The three figures were silhouetted against the setting sun." In the twilight, like three bolts of lightning, they sped towards Cloud Immortal City.

In an instant, they vanished into the horizon.

Behind them, the two sacred mountains had become ruins.

Smoke and dust curled and drifted in the wind.

The setting sun's rays fell upon the ruins, upon the cold corpses.

In the direction of Cloud Immortal City.

Chen Wanqing stood atop the city wall, her gaze fixed on the northeast, her eyes filled with worry and anticipation.

She had already contacted the guardian of the teleportation array and prepared to travel to the Holy Land of Light.

She They awaited Chen Ping's return, awaited to journey with him to that sacred land filled with unknowns and hope.

The Fourteenth Heaven, the pinnacle of the firmament.

The main hall of the Divine Temple floated amidst the sea of clouds, majestic as a celestial palace, radiating an awe-inspiring majesty that commanded the reverence of all beings.

This area was far removed from the hustle and bustle of the mortal world; the fierce winds were like knives, and ordinary cultivators, let alone ascending, would have their souls torn apart by the gales even if they approached.

Only the powerful figures of the Divine Temple, with their profound cultivation, could traverse freely here.

And this main hall of the Divine Temple was the most imposing building in the entire Fourteenth Heaven, the seat of the Divine Temple's master... The abode of the controller of divine powers is also the core of the temple's power.

The entire complex is vast, stretching for miles, and entirely constructed of white immortal jade nurtured for millennia.

Each piece of immortal jade has been polished by countless skilled craftsmen, smooth as a mirror and warm as jade.

Densely engraved on the immortal jade are ancient runes, which emit a faint golden light as they flow, forming an invisible protective barrier.

This barrier can both repel external invasions and gather the spiritual energy of heaven and earth to nourish the cultivators within.

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Under the midday sun, the immortal jade reflects a dazzling brilliance. The radiant light, reflecting off the sea of clouds, resembled a celestial palace forged from stars, sacred and inviolable.

At the center of the complex stood an even more magnificent hall.

This was the core of the main temple, where the divine beings handled clan affairs and summoned elders.

At this moment, however, the atmosphere within the Lingxiao Hall was so heavy it was almost palpable.

A suffocating atmosphere permeated the air, as if a storm was about to break.

The hall was silent, save for the occasional howl of the wind outside, adding to the chilling atmosphere.

Lingxiao Hall Seated at the head of the hall was the Temple Master, Shen Tong.

He was tall and imposing, clad in a long robe embroidered with gilded dragons. The robe featured lifelike five-clawed golden dragons outlined in gold thread, their scales clearly visible, shimmering with a cold luster under the hall's spiritual light, signifying his supreme status.

Shen Tong's face was stern, his brows furrowed, his nose high and straight, his lips thin and sharp. He exuded the terrifying pressure of a second-grade True Immortal.

That pressure, like a towering mountain, weighed heavily on everyone's hearts, making it difficult to breathe.

His eyes, opening and closing, revealed... The light flickered, seemingly able to pierce through people's hearts, revealing the thoughts of everyone in the hall.

Below the main seat, more than ten temple elders stood neatly on either side of the jade steps.

These elders were all highly skilled, the lowest being at the peak of the Upper Immortal Realm, with many True Immortal Realm experts among them, usually influential figures in the Fourteenth Heaven.

Yet at this moment, their faces were solemn, their brows furrowed, heads bowed, silent as if trembling in fear.

They could clearly sense the almost uncontrollable rage emanating from the temple master, knowing that something major was about to happen, and the slightest... One wrong move and you'll be in trouble.

Just then, hurried footsteps sounded outside the hall.

“Report...”

Before the words were finished, a young cultivator dressed in the blue robes of a temple disciple rushed into the Lingxiao Hall.

His expression was panicked, his clothes disheveled, and stained with blood, clearly indicating he had rushed there without even having time to tidy himself.

Upon entering the hall, his legs gave way, and he knelt on one knee, his body trembling uncontrollably. His voice was filled with barely concealed fear and sobs: “Reporting to the Hall Master, oh... oh no!”

“The Third Sacred Mountain, the Fifth Sacred Mountain... they’ve all been destroyed!”

“The three True Immortal Realm elders who remained at the two sacred mountains fought valiantly, but ultimately all perished!”

“And the two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables we secretly nurtured, who were about to be resurrected, were also completely annihilated, their souls scattered, not even a trace of their spirits remaining!”
“And...and Grand Venerable Lin Wuchen and Ambassador Yue Liuli, they too...they too have perished!”

The disciple practically cried out the last few words, each syllable filled with despair.

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“What?!”

A furious roar exploded like thunder within the Lingxiao Palace.

Shen Tong abruptly rose from his seat, his aura instantly spiraling out of control, an extremely violent pressure sweeping across the entire hall like a tsunami.

That pressure was even more terrifying than before, carrying boundless rage and killing intent.

The elders below the jade steps paled drastically, their faces turning deathly cold. They hurriedly circulated their full cultivation to erect protective shields.

Even so, they were still forced back by the pressure, blood trickling from their lips, their eyes filled with horror.

And that... The disciple who delivered the message, with a cultivation level of only the seventh rank of the Upper Immortal Realm, was utterly unable to withstand the uncontrolled pressure of the divine power.

He was directly blasted away, crashing heavily into the dragon-carved pillar in the main hall.

“Crack...”

The jade on the dragon-carved pillar shattered, the disciple coughed up blood, and his body slumped to the ground, barely breathing.

The divine power's eyes were bloodshot, staring intently at the disciple on the ground, his golden spiritual energy surging violently around him, as if it would explode at any moment.

He gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with overwhelming killing intent, and roared, word by word, "Chen Ping! It's that Chen Ping again!" "

This name, like a leech, echoed in his ears time and again, repeatedly thwarting his plans and killing his subordinates.

From a nobody at the thirteenth level of the Heavenly Realm to someone capable of destroying three of his sacred mountains and killing numerous powerful figures, Chen Ping was like a malignant tumor, fueling his deepest hatred.

"A mere third-grade Upper Immortal cultivator, nothing more than an ant that has only recently entered the Upper Immortal Realm, dares to destroy three of my sacred mountains, kill three True Immortal Realm elders, two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables, and two disciples!"

Shen Tong's voice grew louder, his rage almost consuming him.

"What makes him so powerful?! What gives him such ability?! My Divine Palace is vast, filled with powerful figures; how could a mere Upper Immortal Realm cultivator possibly accomplish this?!" "

His anger grew with each thought, and he abruptly raised his right hand, slamming it fiercely onto the jade table before him.

The jade table was crafted from ten-thousand-year-old cold jade, incredibly hard, even ordinary True Immortal realm experts could hardly damage it. Yet, under Shen Tong's enraged strike...

"Boom!"

The jade table instantly shattered into dust, fragments scattering in all directions.

Some fragments even carried a violent spiritual energy, smashing into the floor of the hall, creating small craters.

The elders inside the hall scrambled to avoid the shards, fearing they would be struck and bring trouble upon themselves.

Shen Tong's chest heaved violently, the killing intent in his eyes almost tangible.

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He roared towards the outside of the hall: "Pass on my order! Mobilize everyone in the temple, and I will personally kill Chen Ping!"

"I will tear him to pieces, extract his soul and refine it, ensuring he is never reincarnated! Let everyone know the consequences of offending my temple!" "

As soon as he finished speaking, Shen Tong turned to gather his men and personally pursue Chen Ping.

He was blinded by rage, with only one thought in his mind...to kill Chen Ping and avenge the fallen elders and disciples.

"Palace Master, wait!"

Just then, a white-haired elder stepped forward, bowed respectfully, and spoke urgently and respectfully.

This elder was the Grand Elder of the Temple, a highly skilled cultivator who had reached the True Immortal Realm. He was one of Shen Tong's most trusted confidants and the most cunning person in the Temple.

Shen Tong paused, his gaze suddenly turning cold. He slowly turned to look at the Grand Elder, his tone filled with impatience and killing intent: "Grand Elder, are you going to stop me?"

Sensing the killing intent in Shen Tong's eyes, the Grand Elder's heart skipped a beat, but he still forced a smile and shook his head, saying in a deep voice, "Palace Master, I am not trying to stop you, but this matter is suspicious, there must be some hidden story. We cannot act rashly!" He paused, took a deep breath, and continued:

"Palace Master, think about it carefully. Chen Ping was only at the third rank of the Upper Immortal Realm. Even if he was exceptionally talented and possessed unorthodox methods, there was absolutely no way he could so easily kill three True Immortal Realm elders."

"You must understand, those three True Immortal Realm elders were all powerful figures nurtured by our temple for many years. Their cultivation was all at the first rank of the True Immortal Realm, and each possessed unique skills. Even against a second-rank True Immortal Realm expert, they could barely hold their own.

Yet, all three of them died at Chen Ping's hands. This is something that could not be accomplished by ordinary means." "

Shen Tong frowned slightly, his anger subsiding somewhat, replaced by a look of seriousness.

He knew the Grand Elder was right.

The simultaneous fall of three True Immortal Realm elders was no accident; there was definitely something fishy going on.

Seeing this, the Grand Elder quickly pressed his advantage: "That Chen Ping possesses the bloodline of the Golden Dragon, a descendant of an ancient dragon king, and he also wields a Dragon-Slaying Sword. This guy is too strange. I think we should be cautious. What if Chen Ping is backed by the entire Dragon Clan?"

"If we rashly pursue Chen Ping, and fall into a Dragon Clan ambush, our temple will be doomed!"

"Although the Dragon Clan has disappeared for many years, it doesn't mean they've been wiped out."

“The Dragon Clan?” ”

Shen Tong frowned even more deeply, a hint of apprehension flashing in his eyes.

He was well aware of the dragon race’s power.

In ancient times, the dragon race was the most powerful race in the world, with countless strong individuals.

However, many years ago, during a great war between the dragon and demon races, the dragons suddenly disappeared, their whereabouts unknown. Over time, many cultivators believed the dragon race had become extinct.

The Grand Elder nodded, his tone grave: “The dragon race was torn apart by internal strife. Some members went into hiding, while others joined the demon race, transforming into demonic dragons.

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In recent years, the dragon race has remained silent, but recently there have been reports that the remnants of the Heavenly Dragon lineage are hiding deep within the Cangmang Mountains, secretly accumulating power, hoping to rise again.”

“After Chen Ping emerged from the ancient dragon pool, his strength skyrocketed, soaring from the first rank of the Upper Immortal Realm to the third rank. It’s highly likely that he received the support of the dragon race and obtained their inheritance and treasures.” ”

Another elder, dressed in black robes, quickly stepped forward, bowing in agreement: “The Grand Elder is absolutely right. Palace Master, although our temple is powerful, controlling half of the Fourteenth Heaven and possessing over ten True Immortal realm experts, the Dragon Clan’s foundation is far too profound.”

“If we were to engage the Dragon Clan in a direct confrontation, even if we ultimately manage to kill Chen Ping and eliminate the remnants of the Dragon Clan, our Temple would inevitably pay a heavy price, suffering heavy casualties and severely weakening its strength.”

He paused, then continued, "Palace Master, don't forget, the Fourteenth Heaven isn't solely comprised of our Temple. The Divine Hall and the Divine Palace have always coveted our position, secretly accumulating power to seize it. And those ancient families hiding in the shadows are also ambitious, eager to grab a share."

"If we deplete the Temple's strength for Chen Ping, giving the Divine Hall, the Divine Palace, and those ancient families an opportunity to exploit, then the Temple will be caught in a pincer movement, and might even be destroyed!"

Shen Tong remained silent.

He stood there, his aura gradually calming, but the killing intent in his eyes remained undiminished.

He knew the elders were right. Although the Divine Temple was powerful, it was not invincible. A rash attack could indeed lead to utter annihilation.

But the thought of the three destroyed sacred mountains, the three True Immortal Realm elders, the two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables, and his disciples Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli, fueled his unquenchable rage.

These were powerful figures nurtured by the Divine Temple with countless efforts, crucial pawns in his quest to dominate the Fourteenth Heaven, the cornerstones of his stable position.

Now, all of them had been destroyed by Chen Ping.

How could he possibly let Chen Ping off so easily?

Lin Wuchen and Yue Liuli were his most trusted disciples, his right-hand men, who had followed him for years and rendered countless meritorious services.

Now, they had been killed by Chen Ping, their souls scattered.

He had to avenge this!

Shen Tong's expression shifted between overwhelming killing intent and deep contemplation.

The atmosphere in the hall became tense again. The elders stood with their heads bowed, not daring to speak, afraid of disturbing him.

Seeing his hesitant expression, the First Elder knew of his inner struggle and spoke again.

His voice lowered, tinged with a sinister undertone, as he leaned close to Shen Tong and whispered:

"Palace Master, I have a plan that can kill Chen Ping, avenging the fallen elders and disciples, without depleting the Palace's resources, and also weaken the Dragon Clan's power through the intervention of others."

A glint of light flashed in Shen Tong's eyes. He quickly looked at the Grand Elder, his tone urgent:

"Speak! Tell me quickly what the plan is!"

The Grand Elder smiled slightly, lowered his voice again, and whispered in Shen Tong's ear:

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"Palace Master, do you remember why the Dragon Clan suddenly disappeared and fragmented many years ago?"

Shen Tong raised an eyebrow, a hint of doubt flashing in his eyes, then he suddenly understood, and said in a deep voice: "You mean... the Demon Clan? And those Demon Dragons who sided with the Demon Clan?"

The Grand Elder nodded, a cold glint in his eyes: "Exactly. Back then, internal strife broke out within the Dragon Clan, and some members advocated peaceful coexistence with the Demon Clan." A portion of the clan vehemently opposed this, leading to a fierce battle that shattered the dragon race.

Some members, in their quest for control of the dragon race, defected to the demon race, cultivating demonic arts and transforming into demonic dragons.

“These demonic dragons are sworn enemies of the orthodox dragons, their feud spanning generations. They will fight to the death against any member of the orthodox dragon race.”

He paused, then continued, “Since Chen Ping possesses the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor, a descendant of the orthodox dragon emperor, he must be a mortal enemy of the demonic dragons.

Why don’t we secretly contact the demonic dragons, revealing Chen Ping’s whereabouts to them, and use them to eliminate him?”

“This way, we don’t need to involve our temple, avoiding the depletion of our resources, and we can also weaken both sides by making the demonic dragons and the orthodox dragons fight each other—a win-win situation!”

Shen Tong pondered for a moment, a glint of light flashing in his eyes, and a smile gradually appeared on his face.

Using a borrowed knife to kill.

This plan is indeed a good idea.

“Revenge achieved without risk, and we can reap the benefits without lifting a finger.”

“Using a borrowed knife to kill...that’s a good idea.”

Shen Tong nodded, a hint of approval in his voice, but then frowned. “However, the Demon Dragon Clan is elusive, hiding deep within the Demon Realm for ten thousand years, never contacting the outside world. How can we contact them?”

The Grand Elder smiled slightly, taking out a dark red jade slip from his sleeve.

The jade slip emitted a faint demonic aura, looking quite eerie.

“Palace Master, you may not know this, but before the Demon Dragon Clan left the Dragon Clan and joined the Demon Clan, they had a brief period of cooperation with the Temple.

They left behind contact information with the Temple. This jade slip is what the Demon Dragon Clan left behind, containing the method to contact them.”

“We haven’t used this jade slip all these years; now, it’ll come in handy.”

Shen Tong took the jade slip, his fingertips twitching slightly as his divine sense probed into it.

A moment later, a cold smile appeared on his face, and he nodded: “Good, very good! I’ll leave this matter to the Grand Elder. Remember, it must be done in secret, without letting anyone know. Especially not the people of the Divine Hall and the Divine Palace, otherwise, if they interfere, things will become troublesome.”

“Your subordinate obeys!”

The Grand Elder bowed respectfully and said, “Rest assured, Lord, your subordinate will handle this matter properly, contact the Demon Dragon lineage as soon as possible, and have them eliminate Chen Ping, to avenge the deceased elders and the Grand Elder...” “Venerable One, take revenge.”

Shen Tong nodded, turning to look at the sea of clouds outside the hall. His eyes flashed with murderous intent, his tone icy: “Chen Ping...you destroyed my Holy Mountain, killed my elders, and harmed my disciples. I will settle this score with you sooner or later.”

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“Let the Demon Dragon play with you first, let you taste the feeling of being hunted. After you’re dead, I will personally lead the Temple’s experts to the Vast Mountains to exterminate those remaining dragons, eliminating any future threat!”

As his words fell, Shen Tong’s aura turned icy again.

That killing intent seemed to pierce through the hall, reaching far into the distance, tearing Chen Ping to pieces.

The Grand Elder bowed and stepped aside, secretly calculating how to contact the Demon Dragon lineage as soon as possible to complete the task assigned by the Temple Master.

The other elders also breathed a sigh of relief. The Temple Master had finally calmed down and refrained from rash action, preventing the Temple from falling into crisis.

Meanwhile, in Cloud Immortal City... At this moment, atop the walls of Yunxian City.

Three streaks of light pierced the sky, like three shooting stars hurtling towards them from afar, moving with lightning speed, and instantly landing steadily on the city wall.

The light dissipated, revealing three figures: Chen Ping, who had just destroyed the Divine Temple Holy Mountain and slain several powerful figures, along with Ming Li and Liu Qianqian, who had accompanied him.

Chen Ping wore a white robe, its flowing sleeves and long hair moving in the wind. His face was handsome, and his expression was calm, as if the thrilling battle just moments before had nothing to do with him.

His aura was steady, showing no signs of fatigue, except for a faint trace of killing intent deep within his eyes.

After the battle, his cultivation had not only not been diminished, but because he had slain several powerful figures and absorbed their cultivation essence, he showed faint signs of breaking through to the fourth rank of the Upper Immortal Realm.

Ming Li stood to Chen Ping's left.

He was dressed in a black, close-fitting outfit, burly and rugged, with a lingering air of ferocity on his face. His clothes were stained with blood, making him look extremely fierce.

Liu Qianqian stood to Chen Ping's right. She wore a pink dress, possessed stunning beauty, and had a gentle demeanor. A hint of weariness lingered on her face, but her eyes were full of admiration.

The three landed on the city wall. Chen Wanqing, who had been waiting there, immediately showed a flash of joy in her eyes and quickly stepped forward to greet them.

Chen Wanqing wore a light blue dress, her face delicate and pretty, but her expression was somewhat haggard.

These past few days, she had devoted considerable effort to rallying the old forces of the Chen family and stabilizing the situation in Yunxian City. Since the Chen family's destruction, she had remained in Yunxian City, both gathering her former allies and awaiting Chen Ping's return.

"Chen Ping, you're back! Are you alright? Are you hurt?"

Chen Wanqing walked up to Chen Ping, her voice urgent, her eyes fixed on him, scrutinizing him carefully, as if afraid he might be harmed in the slightest.

In her heart, Chen Ping was not only her savior but also her only support.

If anything happened to Chen Ping, she truly didn't know what she would do.

Chen Ping shook his head, his tone calm: "I'm fine, don't worry. I've destroyed both of the temple's sacred mountains."

Chen Wanqing was slightly taken aback, then a look of shock flashed in her eyes, and disbelief appeared on her face.

Two sacred mountains?

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Those were important strongholds of the temple.

Chen Wanqing was extremely surprised.

Although she knew Chen Ping was powerful and exceptionally talented, she never imagined he could be this powerful.

After a moment of stunned silence, Chen Wanqing slowly regained her senses, her voice trembling as she asked, "Then... what about those powerful figures from the temple? The elders left behind on the Holy Mountain, and the soldiers... how are they?"

Chen Wanqing knew that the Holy Mountain was very important to the temple, and would definitely be heavily guarded.

Chen Ping's tone remained calm, as if he were discussing a trivial matter: "Killed. Three True Immortal Realm elders, two envoys, and two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables who were about to be resurrected—all were slain by me. Not a single survivor."

"Boom..."

These words exploded in Chen Wanqing's ears like a thunderclap.

She was completely stunned.

Standing there, eyes wide open, her face filled with shock and disbelief, her mouth agape, unable to utter a single word for a long time.

Three True Immortal Realm elders.

Two envoys.

Two Ghost Clan Saint Venerables.

What kind of powerful beings were these?

Each of them could easily annihilate the Chen family.

But now, they've all been killed by Chen Ping.

What kind of record is this?

This is simply unprecedented and unparalleled!

Her gaze towards Chen Ping became incredibly complex, filled with awe, shock, and a hint of indescribable admiration.

This young man was like a towering mountain, unattainable to anyone else.

He used his strength to create miracle after miracle, giving her hope to live and the courage for revenge.

Seeing Chen Wanqing's stunned expression, Ming Li couldn't help but interject:

"Miss Chen, you have no idea how powerful Mr. Chen is! Those temple soldiers, over two thousand in total, all fierce-looking men charging at you with weapons, were slaughtered by Mr. Chen with a single sweep of his sword! Those soldiers were utterly helpless, they couldn't even touch the hem of Mr. Chen's robes!"

"And those True Immortal Realm elders, each one so arrogant, trying to join forces to kill Mr. Chen, were all slain by him with a single strike of the Dragon-Slaying Sword, without even a chance to resist! The scene, wow, it was simply spectacular!"

Ming Li gestured as he spoke, a smug look on his face, as if he himself had just slain the temple's powerful figures, not Chen Ping.

His admiration for Chen Ping was deeply ingrained; in his heart, Chen Ping was omnipotent, capable of anything.

Liu Qianqian nodded gently, her eyes full of admiration, and said softly, "Mr. Chen is indeed very powerful. Those True Immortal Realm elders are all very strong, but they are no match for Mr. Chen. If it weren't for Mr. Chen, we wouldn't have been able to come back alive."